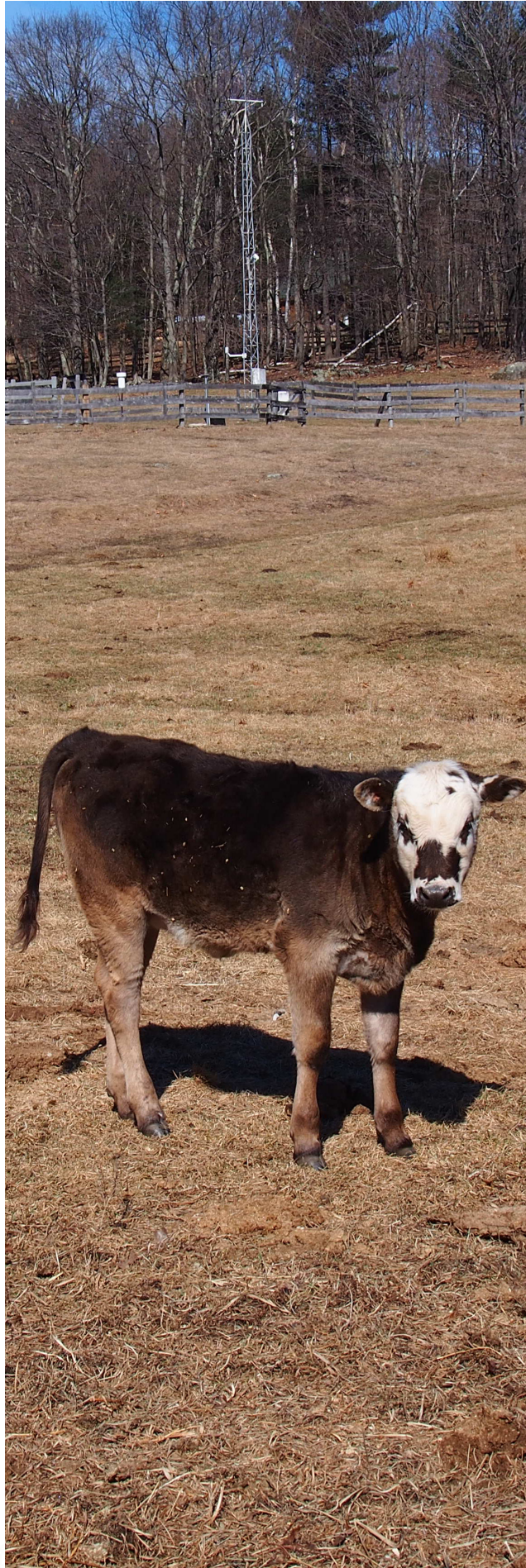


**VOLUME 48
ISSUE 4**

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Chloe: The time to wear shorts

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Rejjia: Dazed n' Confused

Simon: LA anarchist planning session

James: Happiness

Front Cover: Chloe Omelchuck

Back Cover: Chloe Omelchuck and Elinor Haftel

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, or Chloe's mailbox (0369)

Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill in the company of a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.



EDITORIAL

Chloe Anne Omelchuck

IT'S FINALLY OVER!!!!

I mean...

What? It's over? That can't be!!! It was so much fun I can't imagine how it ended so quickly.

No, I'm not talking about the end of the semester, though that truly is something worth celebrating over. What I'm really talking about is my time as editrix of the Omen. I know that you all might have thought that, being only a second year, my reign would extend for a few more years but you didn't reckon with study abroad.

FREEDOM!

(freedom, talkin' 'bout freedom)

Ahem, anyway. This is not goodbye forever. I will return someday, though perhaps not as editrix, and you can bet that I will be submitting whatever content I can.

This issue ended up exceptionally long, which I'm glad of because it was a pleasure to layout and a good final issue for the year, but it's so strange how the issues that seem like they will have no good content at all often end up with the most and best content. This is probably one of the fullest issues we've had this semester and I'm so excited to share it with you.

It's been a kind of rocky semester, our first semester of college with Donald Trump as president. His presidency doesn't directly affect our lives in college but the subtle hints of his presence in the New York Times front pages floating around saga and the bridge, on the front page of youtube, and in class discussion have made his policies and rhetoric an ever-present worry.

In the next few weeks we will all be under the pressure of finals, but this will end as we enter the summer months. However, the pressure of our current political situation does not seem like it will be going away anytime soon. So, as we enter this time of stress- for both the end of the semester and for the Trump presidency- I would like to remind everyone to take comfort in your friends and family, eat well, spend time outside in the sun, and get some sleep. In other words, make sure that what is good is as good as it can be.

Chloe Omelchuck (editrix)

P.S. There's a calf on the front cover in honor of the baby cow that was born on the farm just after Spring Break. Unfortunately calf on the cover of the Omen is not *Hampshire's* calf (dubbed Sur Prise by some farm workers), but one at Harvard Forest. Oh well, still adorable.

Sing , OH MUSE!

Wake up, lil toe!
By Elinor Haftel

the tip of my right big toe is numb
scratch it with my nails – feels like ant-sand.

an electric nerve runs from brain through spine
through inner hip through thigh & shin and
boom – numb.

it strucks me dumb.

what is numb in German? No such word exist.
what is numb in Hebrew? Nirdam – went to
sleep.

I curdle my foot,
kiss my toe
send all the good energy there
I whisper sweet words to it –
it's going to be fine
wake up lil toe, the world is waiting for you
I love you...
nope. toe stays unmoved.

my boyfriend said it might die off.
word.

Breech
by Elinor Haftel

If she was a phone would she pick up?

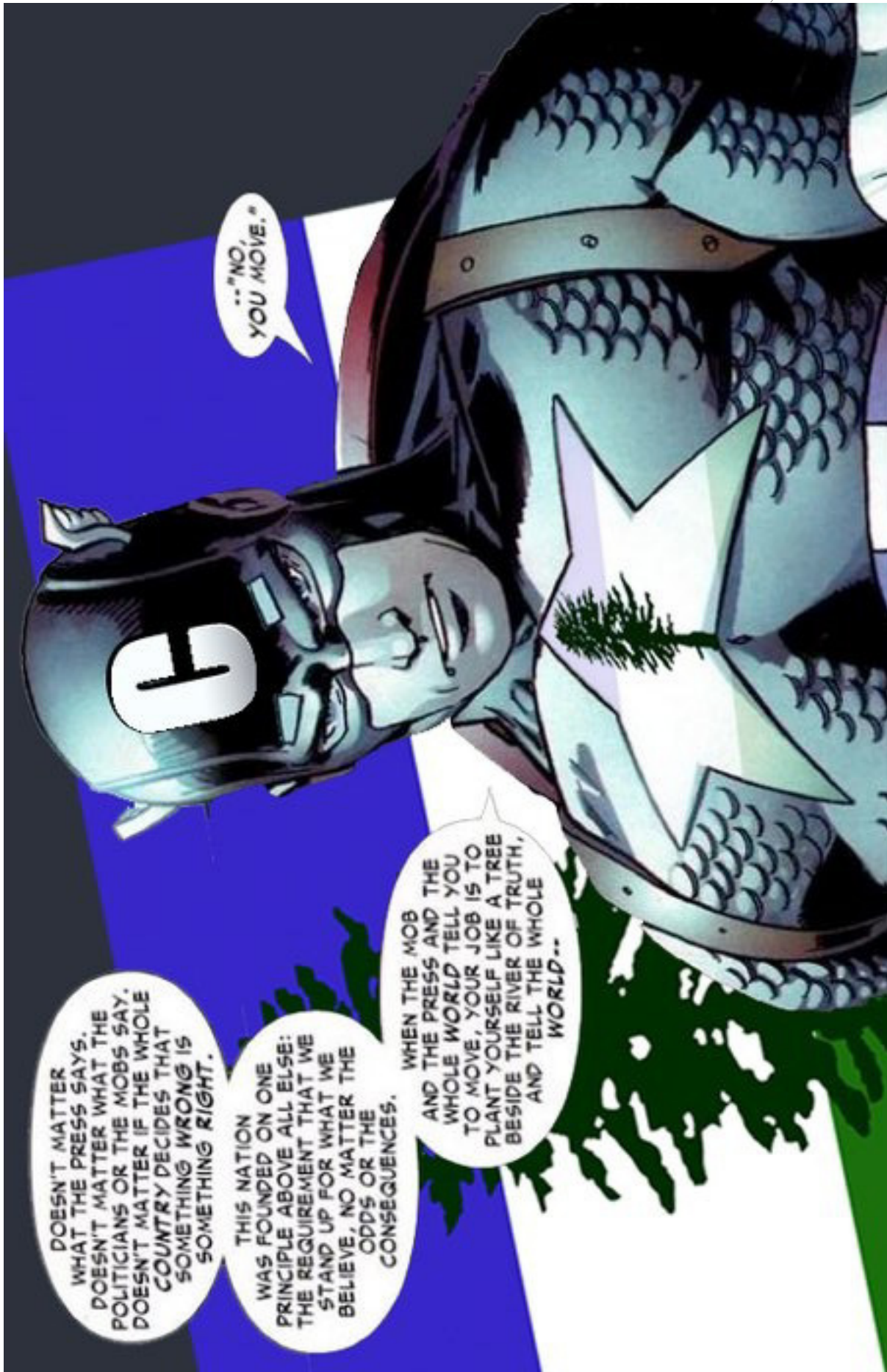
the baby in her back
turned
it comes with its feet first

would she turn her back?
turn her breasts
turn her hair
now she sees the back of her hair everywhere

when she picked up
connection cut

the baby in her back
comes
with its feet first

Cut the cord!



submitted by Chloe Omelchuck

DRINKING COFFEE

Rejjia Camphor

A girl gets off the bus. She walks to the next bus stop to make her way to her school so that she can carpool to Anne Arundel for a BUDL debate tournament. She waits for the bus for about 8 minutes. She thinks about walking but she's afraid that if she begins to the bus will come. So she waits.

The next 30 seconds, she sees a bus appear. In the next second she notices another behind. The first is not the bus she wants; the one behind is the one she needs. She waits for it to approach, but the second bus gets trapped behind the light, so she must continue to wait until the light changes. 1 minute and 15 seconds past and the bus arrives. She gets on, swipes her bus pass and sits down in the front.

She observes to the right, across from her sits a guy and a girl. They are laughing. As the bus continues to pass the lights that approach and pause at the lights that change, she learns the reasons for the girls travel. She's going to Chipotle. I pass a familiar place; a place I work. I watch it past, I look back at the guy and girl. The girl's bus stop is approaching.

As she farewells her guy friend, she notices the store isn't open yet. She exits the bus wondering where the openers are. The bus leaves the girl and the girl left the guy.

She looks at the guy and the guy looks at her. She looks away. As the bus passes more lights, it approaches his first turn out of six turns it must take. Along the bus ride, she looks at random things, always ending in observation with looking at him. She catches him looking at her on several occasions. The boy grows tired and leans his head against the window's glass. He closes his eyes and she observes. She looks at him occasionally now. But on the times he opens eyes she looks away and he looks at her. He then lays back again on the window and she looks at him again. The girl notices that her stop is approaching. As she is aware of this she continues to look at him more and more. She rises from her seat on the bus makes its third turn. She is about to get off the bus. She heads to the front door, farewells the bus driver and exits the bus. She throws away the coffee cup into the trash can and looks up at the window and notices that he is looking at her. They exchange of goodbye look and that's the end of an observed relationship.

JAZZ

BY ELINOR HAFTEL

YOU KNOW I KNOW BEAT KNOWS
YOU KNOW I KNOW TRUMPET
KNOWS

YOU KNOW I KNOW BEAT STOPS

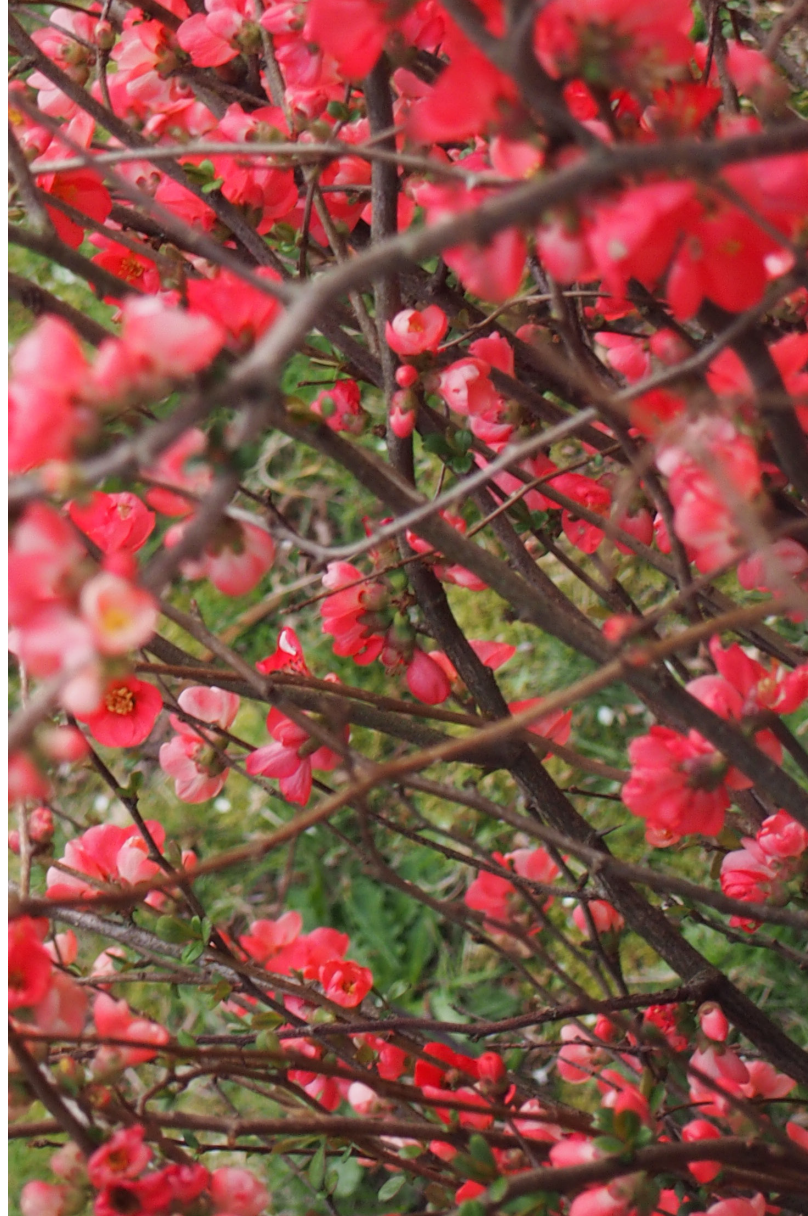
YOU TURN I TURN ROOM TURNS
YOU TURN I TURN WORLD TURNS

YOU TURN I TURN WORLD STOPS

Original Shakespeare Sonnet 116

By Shakespeare

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.



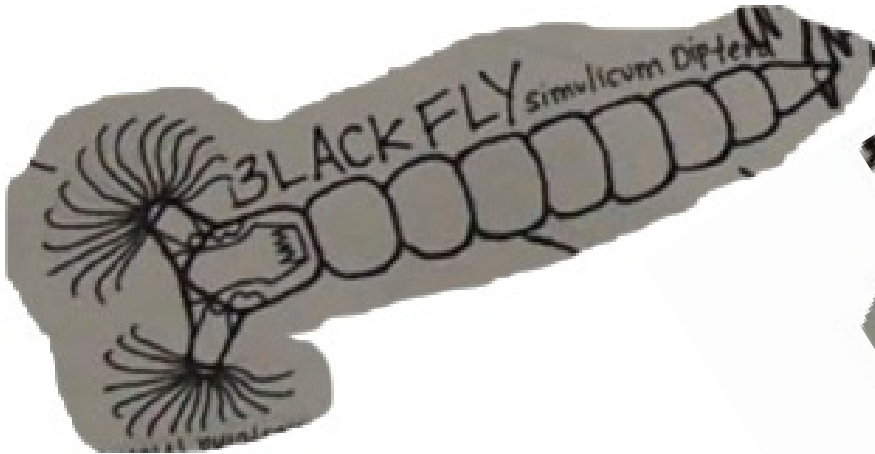
Tracing Sonnet 116 by Shakespeare

By Elinor Haftel

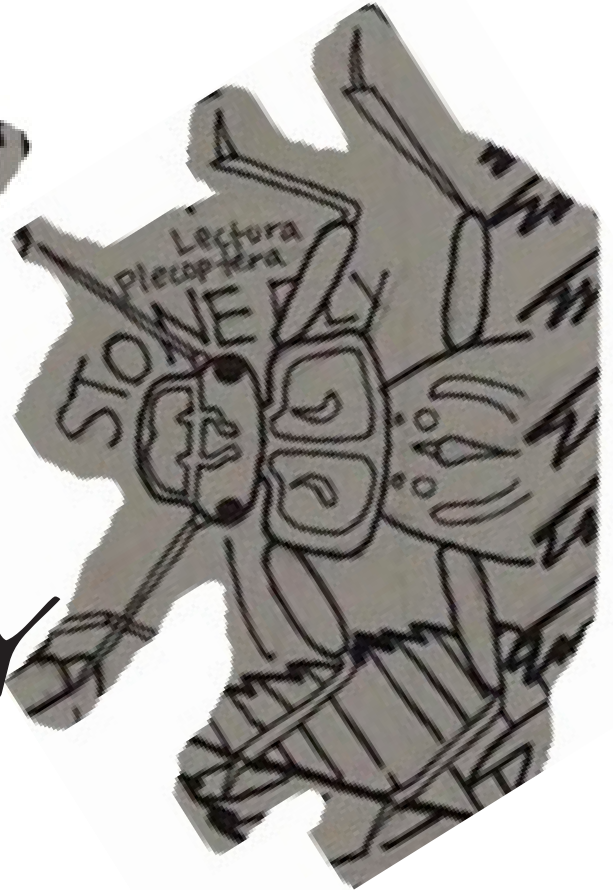
Don't make me say your boy- or girlfriend is
Forever. Sex is not sex
That wouldn't turn its head for new adventures
Or take a queer path when it needs to move:
No way! Each lover leaves you with a mark
To prove it's not the same: they leave you shaken.
It is the blood in every bleeding womb,
Not ever baby born, but every pleasure taken.
Sex is not the body's fool, though rosy
Flesh and fluids change for whom you come -
Real love making needs it fresh, it's nosy:
Itch and edge unscratched will doom you numb.
If you think I am wrong come and make me
Forever filled - and I will let it be.

YOUR COMPOSITION

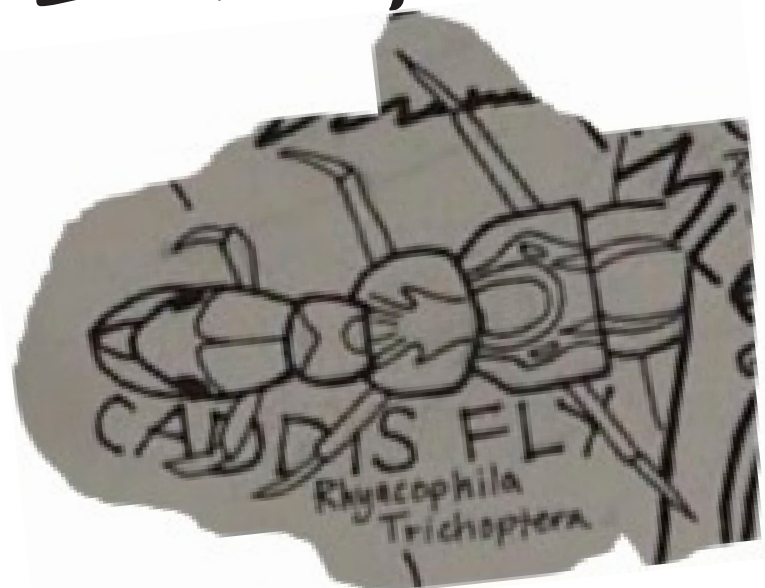
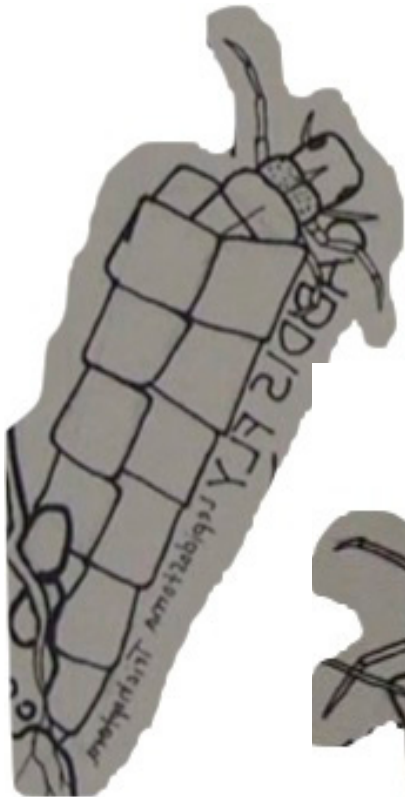
BLACKFLY



STONEFLY



CADDISFLY



SEVERLY LACKS A...

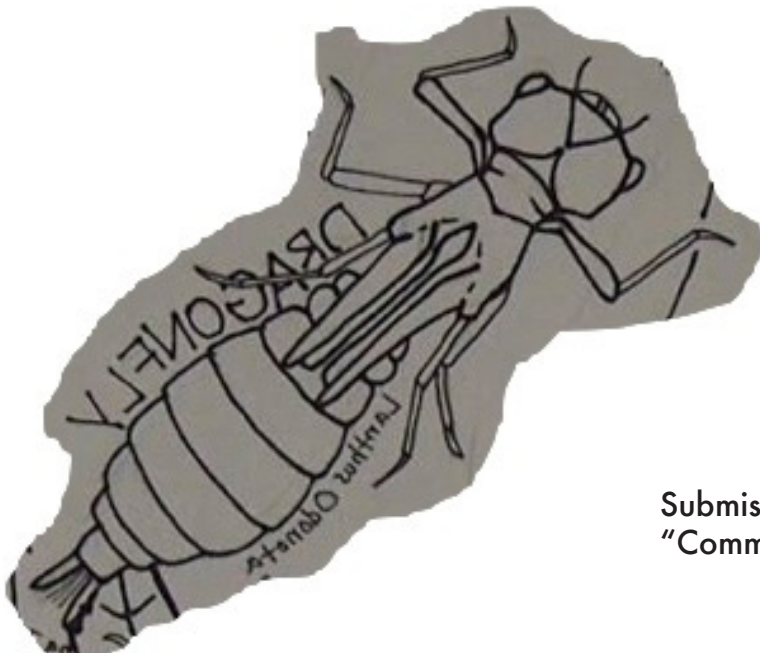
ALDERFLY



MAYFLY



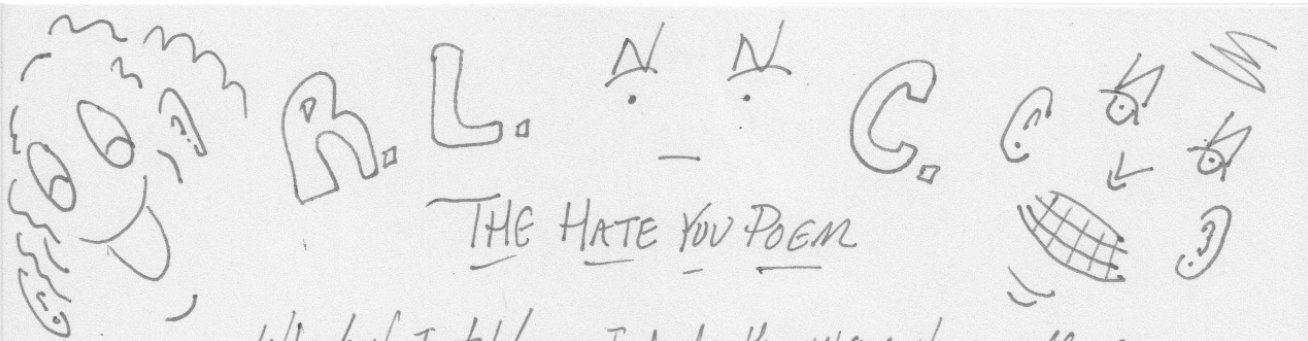
DRAGONFLY



Submission by: Chloe Omelchuck
"Common New England Stream Insect Larvae"

SECTION DESPAIR

BY REJIA CAMPHOR



What if I told you I hate the way it smells on
a rainy day?

What if I told you I hate the way you wake up
each and every day?

What if I told you these things instead of saying
the truth?

What if I told you something else other than I
love you?

What if I told you the stars ☆☆☆ burn brighter
when you're not around? ☆☆

What if I told you I hate the way you sound?

What if I told you none of my dreams come true, And the
only reason they don't is simply because of you?

Why does this hate poem seem very easy to say?

Why is it easy to say/write "I hate you" so many different
ways?

Why is it harder to write how much I care, than it is
to talk about all things negative that seem hard to bear?

Why do I feel that this poem will never end?

Maybe this was something I should have never began?

Everything Is Awful and I'm Not Okay

questions to ask before giving up

Are you hydrated?



If not, have a glass of water.

Have you changed any of your medications in the past couple of weeks, including skipped doses or a change in generic prescription brand?



That may be screwing with your head. Give things a few days, then talk to your doctor if it doesn't settle down.

Have you eaten in the past three hours?

If not, get some food — something with protein, not just simple carbs. Perhaps some nuts or hummus?



If daytime: are you dressed?

If not, put on clean clothes that aren't pajamas. Give yourself permission to wear something special, whether it's a funny t-shirt or a pretty dress.



Have you showered in the past day?



If not, take a shower right now.

If nighttime: are you sleepy and fatigued but resisting going to sleep?



Put on pajamas, make yourself cozy in bed with a teddy bear and the sound of falling rain, and close your eyes for fifteen minutes — no electronic screens allowed. If you're still awake after that, you can get up again; no pressure.

Have you stretched your legs in the past day?

If not, do so right now. If you don't have the spoons for a run or trip to the gym, just walk around the block, then keep walking as long as you please. If the weather's crap, drive to a big box store (e.g. Target) and go on a brisk walk through the aisles you normally skip.



Do you feel ineffective?

Pause right now and get something small completed, whether it's responding to an e-mail, loading up the dishwasher, or packing your gym bag for your next trip. Good job!



Have you said something nice to someone in the past day?



Do so, whether online or in person. Make it genuine; wait until you see something really wonderful about someone, and tell them about it.

Do you feel unattractive?



Take a goddamn selfie. Your friends will remind you how great you look, and you'll fight society's restrictions on what beauty can look like.

Have you moved your body to music in the past day?

If not, do so — jog for the length of an EDM song at your favorite BPM, or just dance around the room for the length of an upbeat song.



Do you feel paralyzed by indecision?

Give yourself ten minutes to sit back and figure out a game plan for the day. If a particular decision or problem is still being a roadblock, simply set it aside for now, and pick something else that seems doable. Right now, the important part is to break through that stasis, even if it means doing something trivial.

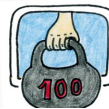


Have you cuddled a living being in the past two days?



If not, do so. Don't be afraid to ask for hugs from friends or friends' pets. Most of them will enjoy the cuddles too; you're not imposing on them.

Have you been over-exerting yourself lately — physically, emotionally, socially, or intellectually?



That can take a toll that lingers for days. Give yourself a break in that area, whether it's physical rest, taking time alone, or relaxing with some silly entertainment.

Have you seen a therapist in the past few days?

If not, hang on until your next therapy visit and talk through things then.



Have you waited a week?

Sometimes our perception of life is skewed, and we can't even tell that we're not thinking clearly, and there's no obvious external cause. It happens. Keep yourself going for a full week, whatever it takes, and see if you still feel the same way then.



You've made it this far, and you will make it through. You are stronger than you think.



Customized by: Catherine Sigit, personal therapist, and her volunteer team. You are encouraged to customize this document to your own needs, abilities and resources. Copyright Sinope (eponis.tumblr.com) and Catherine Sigit, 2015.

«A recipe for happiness: accept yourself three times per day»

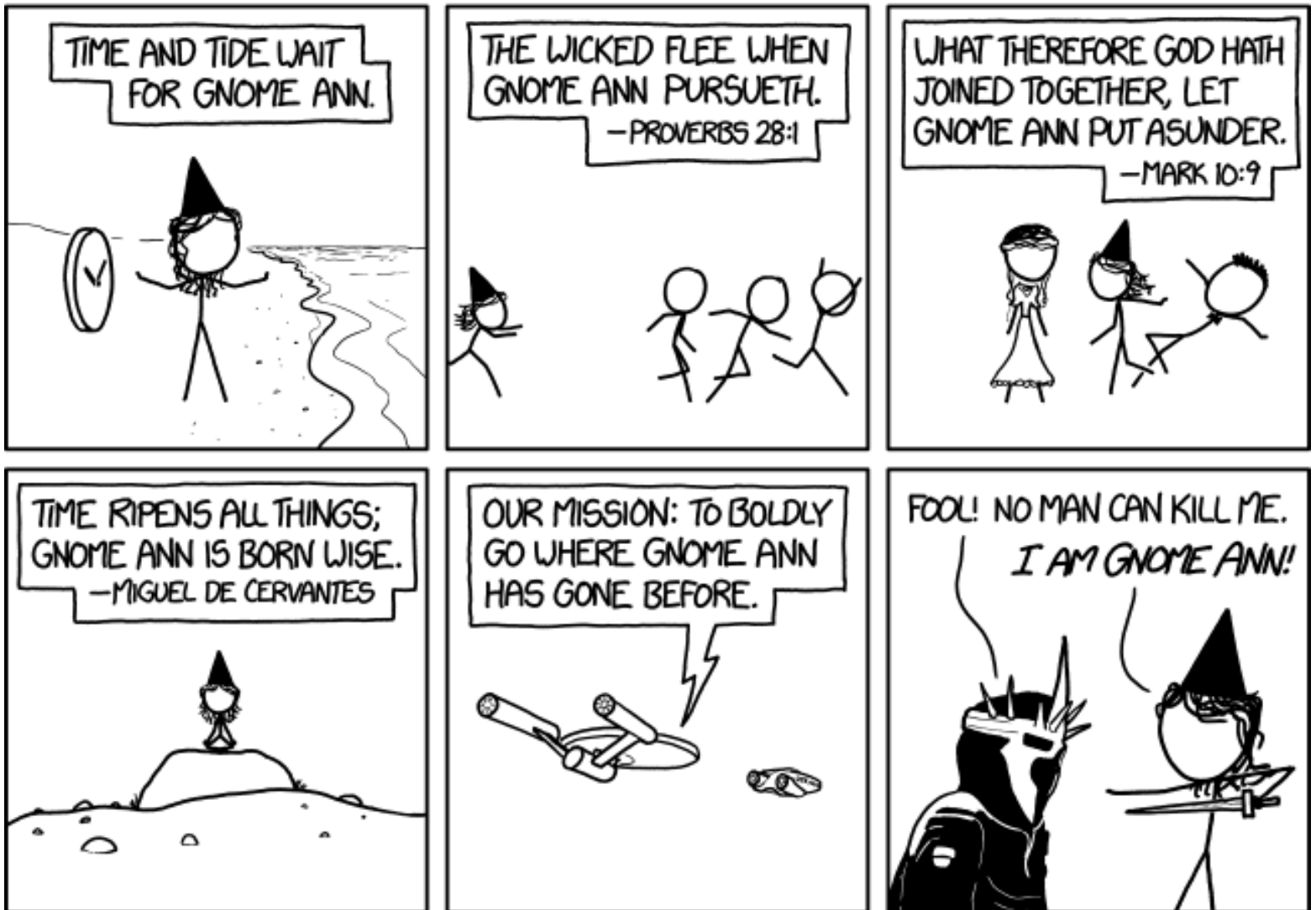
Website: <http://catherinesigit.com>

For comments and questions: info@catherinesigit.com

Copyright: <http://eponis.tumblr.com/post/1179888670/everything-is-awful-and-im-not-okay-questions-to>

What is Comedy?

THE LEGEND OF GNOME ANN



submitted by Chloe Omelchuck
Original art by Randall Munroe



THIS COMIC MADE POSSIBLE THANKS TO SHIBBY SAYS

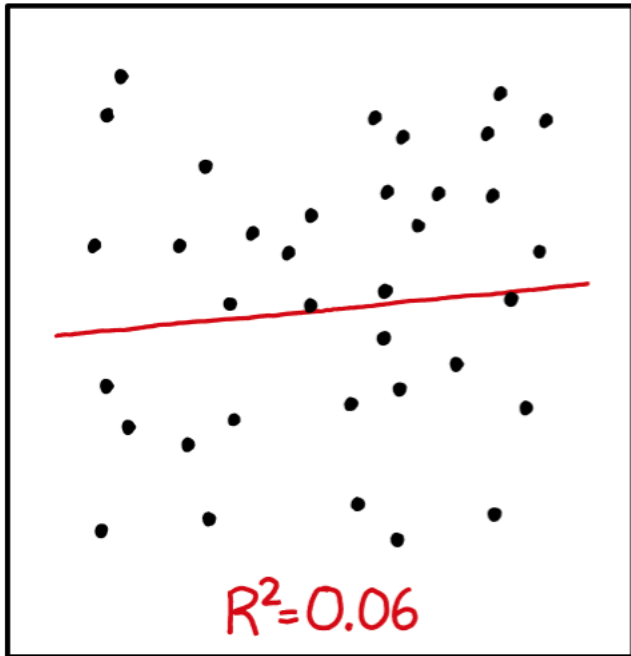
@MrLovenstein • MRLOVENSTEIN.COM

submission by Rejjia Camphor

when u have no assignments due and
time to relax



submission by Rejjia Camphor



WHAT IF WE
TRIED MORE?



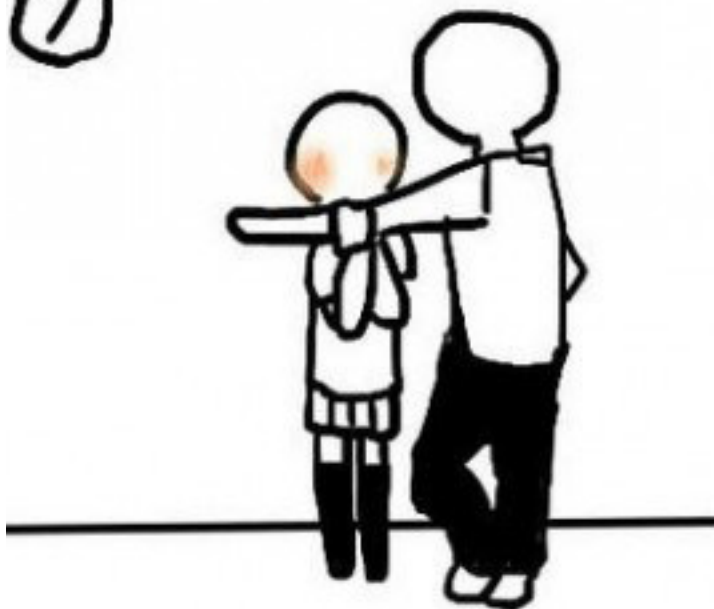
I DON'T TRUST LINEAR REGRESSIONS WHEN IT'S HARDER
TO GUESS THE DIRECTION OF THE CORRELATION FROM THE
SCATTER PLOT THAN TO FIND NEW CONSTELLATIONS ON IT.

submitted by Chloe Omelchuck
Original art by Randall Munroe

THE GUIDE TO ANIME AND MANGA TROPES
PRESENTS:

Evolution of the “Wall Smack”

①



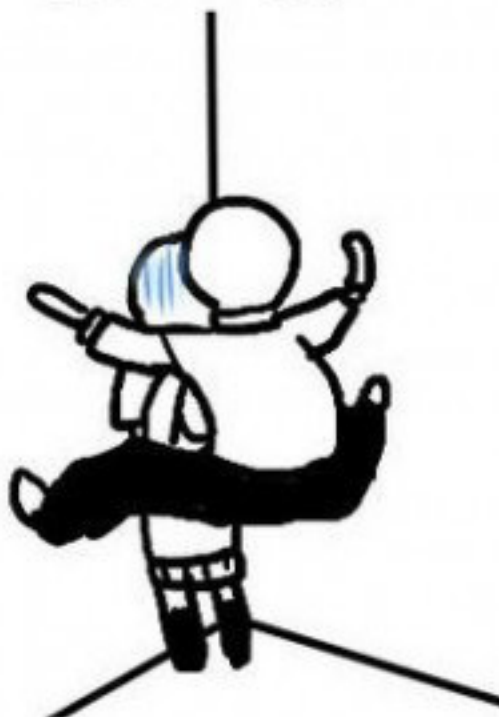
②



③



④



If a toy from Toy Story died, the kids wouldn't know, and the other toys would have to watch the kids play with their corpses.



submission by Rejja Camphor

MR. VRIES SCHOOLS ME ON 'HAPPINESS' OR, END-OF-YEAR MUSINGS: YEAR IN REVIEW

BY SIMON FIELDS

I was going to a Middle-High School I loathed. But only in eighth and ninth grade. I would switch into a place that would be much more suitable for me, but before I went about doing that, I was walking down one of LACES's many hallways. I couldn't stand the purple-bluish paint on the columns adorning the hallway. My favorite color is a shade of blue but this wasn't quite that shade. This was one of LACES's school colors. Perhaps that's why I hated the column, just as musty and utilitarian as the whole number crunching approach of the School. That purplish blue and yellow stood for, "the U House Way," whatever that even meant.

You see, I was walking along this hallway, and I suddenly noticed that my Algebra Teacher, Mr. Vries was walking besides me. Mr. Vries was always an intense teacher, kindly, smiling benevolently from his glasses, but intense. Part of me loved him as a person, especially when he went off on tangents (no pun intended) that had nothing to do with Algebra. But you see, part of me feared Mr. Vries. Even when he had his brightest smile, or perhaps, especially when he had his brightest smile. When there seemed to be a twinkle in his eye, as his grey beard, grey hair, grey ponytail and light green polo shirt all made me wonder what he'd say next. Will he continue going on about this unrelated

tangent, or will he go back to explaining things I can't understand? Will he be okay with the homework I just turned in? What's my grade at the moment again? Will he chew me out?

Well, I didn't expect to see Mr. Vries in the hallway; it was after school, of course. I was a little nervous. What's my grade at the moment again?

"Hello Simon."

Uh oh, he's talking to me. But he's got a twinkle in his eye, so hopefully I'll be okay.

"Hello Mr. Vries."

"You know Simon, happiness isn't a destination, it's an outlook." I was surprised to hear my Algebra Teacher speaking to me about happiness. Afterall, I'm not usually happy when I'm in Algebra class.

"It isn't a destination Mr. Vries?"

"No. People think that they need to find happiness, but they'll never arrive at it as they reach for it. For instance, if someone were to spend their life trying to make lots of money, thinking that they'll be happy once they're rich, they'll never wind up being happy. But if you start out being happy, it can be a means and an end. And you can be successful in addition to being happy, but you need to start out being happy."

I wonder why he decided to give me this sagely wisdom; did I really look sullen enough to warrant advice on how to be happy?

Well, at the time I didn't take it the right way. Even when Mr. Vries glistened he was Mr. Vries, and I was always a little nervous around him. Was he expecting me to be happy? Was it a dreadful thing to quietly be sad, even if I wore a smile whenever I needed to? Will I get an F for forlorn on my final report card? Is this a great personal failing which college admissions boards will see right through, as they find a reason to reject me? Will it all stem from Mr. Vries's impression of my happiness?

Well many years have passed since that moment. Just the other day I was noting how my life had improved so much in the last several weeks. I wasn't following my old middle/high school habit of barely sleeping. I was getting work done at better times, and when I got my work done I made myself just comfortable enough to enjoy the process; with music and hot chocolate, by positioning my computer in just the right place; by periodically making my room neat. (What a remarkable concept...) You see, these are only small, mundane examples, but they point to something much bigger.

I was happy, and as I continued in this cycle, I found more time to do things which made me happier. I sent out an email with a proposed ballot for a school-wide referendum, which has since been revised a couple of times and which people probably finished voting on a couple of days before this is getting published. I also was able to devote more time into the idea of a cooperative bakery -- and there's a very good chance that there will be a cooperative bakery next year. And I've been studying, working on Omen stories that I may not submit, hanging out with

my dearest friends, seeing Noam Chomsky talk. Of course, the easy ballot email I sent out would set up the last two weeks to be rather draining -- promoting an idea to vote for while managing finals was pretty tricky. Even then, it's given these two weeks so much purpose, and I have a strange kink- I love public speaking... (And writing, unfortunately for you). But in the final analysis, I got myself calm enough to be happy, and happy enough to do other things that made me happy.

Mr. Vries was right. Maybe it wasn't comforting because I always thought of him as my math teacher, and because I was hearing it after school, and because I was so bloody miserable that I resented him for having figured it out.

But there's something to be said for the fact that, if you just put on some good music, remind yourself that you can try your best but it will ultimately turn out the way it turns out; and start out happily, you won't wind up some anxious sleep deprived zombie of a human being. You might start enjoying life a bit more.

Adieu for now. Till Fall '17.

Are These Really Even Memories?

A Fan Theory by Elise Ansel

The text of *The Glass Menagerie* by Tennessee Williams makes it clear that the events and characters are all seen through the lens of Tom's memory. This applies not just to the characters' general demeanor, but also to their motivations—and indeed, to many details of their words and actions. When we begin to realize that there are many scenes which Tom was not present for at all, the play starts to appear not fully as a memory per se, but as Tom's conjecture of what may have occurred during that time based on his assumptions about the other characters' motivations, priorities, and personalities. When we dissect which scenes he had direct observational memory of, and which he did not, and then assume that the latter may have happened in completely different ways from what he portrays through his "memory play"... very different opinions, motivations and actions of the other characters become entirely possible. To illustrate this point, I will expand on one titillating example. Could Laura actually be a lesbian?

One of the most obvious examples of a scene being total conjecture on Tom's part is the middle of Act II Scene 8, pages 54-64, in which Laura and Jim are alone together. Since the play is from Tom's memory, and he was absent during this scene, one can surmise that he completely made up what transpired during these moments, and that things may have gone entirely differently than he supposed. Let's go over what Tom does know about that night. Laura acted nervous and shy when Jim arrived, and she put on a show of feeling too sick to come to the dinner table. Under my hypothesis, this could easily be because she is ashamed of her inability to live up to her mother's expectations that she will woo the gentleman caller. She doesn't even want to! She has no interest in him, but knows her mother is making a very big deal of this night—so she is trying to make it look like her illness, not her disinterest, is to blame in Amanda's eyes

for what Laura knows will be the night's inevitable failure.

Okay, what else did Tom observe? Only that when he came back into the living room after the imagined dance-and-kiss scene, Jim had suddenly left and Amanda said it was because he was engaged. This despite his not having told Tom or anyone at the warehouse that he even had a girlfriend. How likely is that story, really? To me, it seems just as likely—even more likely—that he tried to seduce Laura but was rejected by her. Perhaps he was ashamed by the rejection, and made up the engagement as an excuse to save face in front of the charismatic Amanda. Then he slipped out before he could be embarrassed by his failure in front of his friend and co-worker, who might see through the lie immediately since he would have expected to have at least heard about a girlfriend. Or perhaps Laura actually came out to him, wanting to stop his advances and explain her rejection while sparing his ego. She would then, of course, have implored him not to tell her family—with Amanda putting all her hopes for Laura's future on the possibility of a husband, she would have been devastated by the news, and Laura knew this. Jim is kind and played along, making up an excuse on his end for why it didn't work out. He then left quickly before Amanda could ask too many questions about his imaginary fiancée and expose the lie, keeping Laura's family reputation intact.

Now you may be thinking, "but Laura said she had a crush on Jim in high school!" Okay, let's go back to that moment: Act I Scene 2, pages 18 and 19. Lo and behold, Tom is absent then as well—it's just Laura and Amanda, alone. When she restates her crush to her mother on pages 44 and 45 during Act II scene 7, it is again just the two of them in the house. So on what, then, is Tom basing this assumption of Laura's crush on Jim? Perhaps it was at Amanda's suggestion, in a moment not included in the play. Certainly Amanda would have liked to believe that Laura was infatuated with her gentleman caller, or even with any random boy who she pointed out in the yearbook once. With

the way Amanda goes on, it's very believable that she would have exaggeratedly relayed this hope to Tom one day. If this is the case, all of a sudden we are looking at the circumstances through multiple lenses overlaid on top of each other. This is not just Tom's memory, but Tom's memory of Amanda's interpretation of things Laura said—undoubtedly a skewed picture, and increasingly unlikely to represent reality!

Tom may have had additional reasons to imagine the crush, however. On page 42 in a narrator monologue he says, "I knew that Jim and Laura had known each other in high school because I had heard my sister Laura speak admiringly of Jim's voice." The admiration of a classmate's voice does not necessarily imply romantic attraction to that classmate, especially when the person in question is the high-profile star of the school musicals. A brother might infer attraction, especially after seeing his sister act nervous around this boy—but as I stated above, those nerves can easily be explained by her inability to live up to her mother's expectations on a night that had been made such a big deal of. I might even go so far as to suggest that perhaps Laura's real high school crush was Emily Meisenbach, Jim's high school sweetheart. Maybe when she expressed to Tom an admiration of Jim's voice, it was actually out of envy for the qualities which she assumed Emily was attracted to in him!

Now, because I can't resist, let's take the final logical step in this theory. I propose that it is entirely possible that Laura was maintaining a secret lesbian lover somewhere in the city. Let's go back to Act I Scene 2, in which Amanda confronts Laura after learning that she has been skipping her business classes. When asked where she went every day, her answer is vague at first: she went walking. When asked where, she is vague again, then pauses to think, and gets slightly more specific: "All sorts of places—mostly in the park." But only moments later she changes her story, saying that "lately I've been spending most of my afternoons in the Jewel-box." I would posit that she could easily have been spending her time with a girlfriend and was hiding it from her mother, who

didn't catch that the story wasn't totally consistent because she was so upset. This theory gives a more believable answer to Amanda's very legitimate question of how Laura spent all day, every day, in the winter, walking about in the city—especially when Laura is, and believes herself to be, crippled. And surely a girl capable of lying for months about going to business school would be plenty capable of continuing to lie about how she was spending her time, even after being caught in the initial lie. This is especially true if she were trying to hide a secret so big that it would undermine all of her mother's hopes for the future. Maybe from time to time Laura and her girlfriend even visited the places Laura named, in between cuddles (off of her bad leg) back at the girlfriend's place—that would give some believable seeds for Laura to work with in quickly constructing a new lie.

I do not mean, by all of this, to sincerely propose that Rose Williams—Tennessee Williams' sister, whom Laura was based on—was necessarily queer. Her fate was immensely tragic, and her true sexuality can probably never be known. What I do mean to show is that in the context of the play *The Glass Menagerie* being a "memory play" supposedly constructed from the character Tom's memories, the theory I have described about the character Laura is entirely plausible. Because the play is supposed to be entirely from Tom's memory but he was not present for several key scenes, the audience is forced to conclude, upon reflection, that those scenes are pure conjecture. The way they are portrayed could easily be far from the "reality" that the characters who were present might have remembered. Therefore, many different truths about the characters' experiences become possible within the bounds of what is written. The theory described above is just one example of what one can come up with by reading between the lines and not taking Tom's "memories" of moments he was not there for at face value.

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BRILLIANT MINDS
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COMMENT SECTION BRING YOU:

***BORDER
WARS:
A NEW HOPE***

submitted by Chloe Omelchuck

K

KingOfMadCows 10 hours ago

And one of the engineers will secretly build a critical flaw into the wall so that a proton torpedo shot through an exhaust port can destroy the entire wall.

REPLY 2.8K  

Hide replies ^

n

noisesoundtonevibe 10 hours ago

I don't care what gender you are, I want to marry you right now.

REPLY 128  



A B 10 hours ago

underrated comment

REPLY 31  



Nikolai Leerskov 9 hours ago (edited)

KingOfMadCows And Bernie will be able to hit that port perfectly. After all he used to bullseye womp rats in his T-16 back at home.

REPLY 41  



Nikolai Leerskov 9 hours ago

Trump: Clinton never told you what happened to your father

Bernie: She told me enough! She told me you killed him!

Trump: No Bernie, i am your father

Bernie: NOO that's not possible! I'm older than you!

Trump: Search your feelings, and your wallet. You'll find a small loan of a million dollars.

Bernie: **looks in wallet** NOOOOO!!!!

Show less

REPLY 52  



Wolfram Stahl 9 hours ago

Best thing I read in days! Thanks mate for a good laugh!

REPLY 2



Nanoha Pwns You 8 hours ago

But how many hombre's lives need to be sacrificed to get the plans that state where that exhaust port is located?

REPLY 9



Gustav peretti 8 hours ago

I wish that Thrawn was president man!!! xD

REPLY 3



possumGFX 8 hours ago

Please take my upvote dear Sir!

REPLY 2



JTN L 7 hours ago

Yeah, just build a random thermal exhaust port on the wall just in case some Mexicans with X-Wings decide to attack it.

REPLY 5



apatel303 5 hours ago

+Boopala Precisely and it's Trump's job to get Mexico to pay for it

REPLY 2



Aaron 5 hours ago

Ahhhhhhh!

REPLY



praneet nandan 4 hours ago

KingOfMadCows Hope his daughter gets the plans while destroying the white house

REPLY 6  



THE16THPHANTOM 4 hours ago

i see what you did there.

REPLY  



8happyperson 4 hours ago

lol I've been around a lot of engineering students lately and a lot of us have made the joke that our goals are to get high enough in the building project that we could try to slip in a flaw on purpose without anyone noticing.

REPLY 1  



Miss Mac 4 hours ago

How do you say "use the force, Luke" in Mexican?

REPLY 1  



Emmitt Nervend 4 hours ago

Eres un mago, Luke

REPLY 3  



Miss Mac 4 hours ago

+Emmitt Nervend lol love it!

REPLY  



bluelocimon 4 hours ago

"Usa la fuerza, Lucas"

REPLY 2  



Miss Mac 4 hours ago


+Kyle Hearnden you clearly are not versed in Jedi skillzzz

REPLY 3  



FUmarc 3 hours ago

KingOfMadCows They are part of the rebel alliance and traitors, take them away!

REPLY  



Adub Htown 3 hours ago

thank you

REPLY  



Iyant Yu 3 hours ago

Charles Ratzke huhahaha sure lets make a BIG BOOTIFUL ADV.

REPLY  



Scott Wilhelms 1 hour ago (edited)

security and continuing stability, the Republic will be reorganized into the [Insert name very possibly Trump related], for a safe and secure society, which I assure you will last for [insert unrealistic number] years. Possible State of the Union speech!?

Read more

REPLY  



TohDoh 1 hour ago

this man is a genius

REPLY 3  



Becka G 42 minutes ago

Green Jesus says not to worry...Trump will be 'handled' when he gets here....

REPLY



Cygnus' Edge 32 minutes ago

You've just cemented yourself as one of the greatest human beings to ever be on YouTube.

REPLY

2



Robert Rosenthal 30 minutes ago

She smuggled the plans out using a droid. I'm not sure what model of droid phone though, she had a couple of them with her.

REPLY



mogaman28 12 minutes ago (edited)

Usa la Fuerza, Luke! And its Spanish, there is no Mexican, yet.

REPLY



Section “Reality”

HEDY’S PREMONITION- A HOLOCAUST STORY

By Simon Fields

Introduction

“Babi, I’m so sorry but I forgot, after you left Auschwitz, where did you go? Was it Lunesberg?” My grandmother Babi was on speaker phone. We were going over the grimmest chapters in her life story yet another time, for yet another interview. Most of my “interviews” of Babi were informal conversations; sometimes I’d bring the Holocaust up, and sometimes she would. Occasionally it was more formal, for a class project of some kind and on tape; it was almost always face to face. But in this case, this particular class project would be due the next day, and so we spoke on the phone, and I had her on speaker.

“No. I went to Landsberg, spelled L-a-n-d-s-b-e-r-g. Landsberg.”

“Which barrack were you in?”

“Block Einze.” Barracks 1.

“I’m sorry Babi, could you repeat that?”

“Block Einze. Block Einze. Block Einze.”

There was something about the way that Babi repeated the number of her barrack, something which seemed to convey, yes Mayom, you may be recording this while I’m on speaker phone and you may think that you can always come back to me to clarify the details you know, or learn new ones but the truth is you’re going to have to remember this. It was Block Einze. Once I’d latched onto the idea that the barrack number was a crucial detail, she was all the more determined

for it to be remembered.

Memory -- how do I remember Babi? In what context would I learn her story, as she remembered it? There was a strange dichotomy, between the pleasant life we enjoyed at her house in Brentwood, and the unimaginably terrifying, malnourishing dangerous nearly helpless life that Babi would recall. We would usually be having such a grand old time that it wasn’t even that difficult for me to hear about those grisly days, and after so many years of avoiding the subject, Babi may have found it cathartic to talk about her experiences. But in Babi’s emotional balance, any catharsis that occurred when she talked about what happened would have weighed against very old but very deep scars, pain, trauma. It’s remarkable, when you think back on it, how composed Babi would be. How willing she’d be to start a conversation about these things. But one must also take a couple of other things into account in this emotional balance: her surroundings, and what she was doing when she wasn’t remembering this particular year she’d be known for living through.

Oh we may have been sitting at the table in the kitchen, where we’d usually eat when there weren’t many other people there. She’d almost always encourage me to eat even more delicious Hungarian food than I wanted to eat, and I’d usually oblige her; I looked forward to eating the roast chicken or chicken paprikash, the roasted or mashed potatoes, the goulash, the cream spinach... But everybody knew that poor skinny Babi’s fixation with food and with feeding others took hold of her in the Concentration Camps. Camps which she told me about on the chairs in her sunny backyard, where she’d only rarely observe that, “those camps were not summer camps.” I was glad she didn’t say that so often, I knew the difference and come to think of it, I may not have

liked being reminded precisely how good I had it: As I heard her emphasizing the fact that Auschwitz didn't have any grass I'd be looking out at grassy gardens, a swimming pool, a white brick wall and a short wooden fence atop it (originally built to keep out any deer roaming the hillside above the backyard). Babi told me about a hanging where three men were executed for smuggling potatoes while we were in the dimly lit, book cluttered and beautiful Den; Babi spoke about the SS woman who hit her right near her eye, and showed me the mark in her room, after or before watching an old movie; it may have been one of the few times I saw *Dr. Zhivago*. There were other movies which we watched much more often: *The Carousel*, *It's a Wonderful Life*, *The Sound of Music* or *Meet me in St. Louis*, *White Christmas*, *West Side Story*, and *My Fair Lady*, to name a few. After the first hundred times we'd see one of the movies on that list, Babi would ask, "are you sure you want to see it again?" "Yes." Poor Babi. But even after the second hundred times, Babi would occasionally explain the finer points of the plot to me.

Luckily, I always liked "classic" movies and old music. Well, maybe it had less to do with luck and more to do with the fact that Babi showed me many classic movies which had plenty of old music when I was just young enough to be entranced... There were the times when she'd put a CD on in her room, or a record on in the "family room" and I'd pretend to conduct. Babi would indulge me by pretending to be entertained. Was she pretending? Then of course there were the occasions, perhaps two or three, when Babi actually tried to teach my brother Benji and me how to waltz, and there were many other times when Benji and I would just goof off as the songs from the roaring twenties or big band CD would be playing.

There was also one time which was fairly recent- it must have been one of my more recent memories because she already had that large flat screen TV and we were switching channels on it. We landed on a some Public T.V. Station, broadcasting Swing/Big Band music, and there was some footage of Glenn Miller playing at some point from the late 1930s to the

early 1940s. I was watching contentedly when Babi said, "This would've been when I was a teenager or young adult. Because of the anti-Semitic laws they were passing in Hungary [before the Nazi occupation] I wasn't able to go out to Dance Halls." The Dance Halls of days of yore. I suppose Babi and I missed them for very different reasons; I happened to be born in 1995-- a trifle, but Babi happened to be a Jew. I should thank my lucky stars that I was born in 1995, in Los Angeles; and not in 1921 in Tallya, Hungary. Babi was born Hedwig Pasternak on April 21st, 1921, but her name always seemed to be Hedy. That is, when grandkids called her by the affectionate name of Babi, and when adults called her Hedy, Hedy always seemed to be her official, adult name. Hedwig was her actual name, but you wouldn't know it, in fact, you might not find out until you'd known Babi for well over a decade. There were times throughout her childhood when Hedwig would stay up late, listening to the new and exciting jazz music on the family's equally new and exciting radio. Then her father, Simon Pasternak would come in and tell her to go to bed. I suppose any decent Simon in the family has to be a musical reactionary -- my great grandpa didn't like Jazz. He preferred to listen to Gipsy music, and folk music. (One would say Romani music, but as far as I know he never would've called it that, in fact I don't think anyone did in those days).

And now, as Babi and I so often did when we discussed the past, we must fast forward. Away from the golden years of her childhood, as she referred to them, and towards the 1940s. In 1942 Babi was already 21 years old, around my age. Glenn Miller was in America, playing some really fast jazz music, but Babi was in Hungary. She might have been listening to it over the radio after a conversation which must have been a bit jarring.

"I don't want to marry Bela. The fact is that I don't love him."

"Listen, he can provide for you, it'll be alright." Babi didn't recall all of the details of what could have been an explosive argument.

Hedy ultimately did decide to get engaged to Bela, a Czechoslovakian Jewish businessman. Hedy had many connections to the Slovakian side of what was then called Czechoslovakia. For starters, her mother Hannah Pasternak (whose maiden name was Liebman) came from Kolsice, Slovakia, and secondly, the town of Tallya sits in Hungary's Tokaj (pronounced Tokai) Country, famous for its wine. This town also happens to be very close to the border with Slovakia.

That border, that arbitrary line which would eventually get overrun by Wehrmacht Soldiers would, at least temporarily be the difference between life and death. The Germans had already occupied Czechoslovakia years ago, and in 1942, the Nazis murdered Bela, a few months after he had gotten engaged to Hedwig Patricia Pasternak.

It was around this time, as the Swastika flew in the streets of more and more countries across Europe, that Hedy had a premonition. It came, as so many premonitions come, in the form of a dream. She could visualize it.

Block Einze. Barrack 1. Hedy saw it long before she was imprisoned there. It almost looked like a hill. The roof of the building went straight to the ground. She could see herself there, an inmate, before she had been under Nazi rule, before she lived in a Ghetto, traveled on a cattle car; before she'd experience going to sleep in a wooden bunker with eight other emaciated prisoners, wondering if she'd survive the next day. Hedy told her father about her nightmare the next day.

"Don't worry, it's just a dream," he replied. If only it was.

Part II: Hedy Lives her Worst Nightmare June, 1944

D-Day was coming, the grand finale to the War would soon commence. But Hedy's Ghetto was being liquidated, and she has just been crammed into a cattle car. Her father was the man in Tallya who built one of the first electric flour mills in the region and went bankrupt from 1926 until shortly before the German Occupation. He was considered a prominent man in Tallya, from a prominent family, and he still had a bit of pull, it seemed, for after demanding that they have water on the train, they were given water. Then the door was slammed shut.

People had heard stories, presumably exaggerated ones. Before the Occupation, they had encountered some refugees who escaped from Nazi territories in present day Ukraine. But it couldn't be, and even if it could, no story really captured the scope of the situation. Some people could sense what was coming. For all of her premonitions, Hedy didn't know about death camps or gas chambers or the stench which emanated from the Crematoria. She couldn't have known, yet.

Though there is barely any room to breathe, as time passes she might just start getting acclimated to the train's movements. Suddenly, she hears a young man she had recently befriended shout, "FATHER!" Hedy turned around to see an old man with a bloody throat.

"I will never fall into the hands of the Germans!" He had decided when, how, and by whose hand he would die. He probably believed the refugees; his premonitions were even darker and more prescient than Hedy's. Yet he was still alive, and his gurgling blood looked black in the poorly lit cattle car. Twenty three year old Hedy could see the blood, mind you, not in some slasher flick; she could see blood pouring out of a man's neck.

Yet, nobody on the train really knew. Nobody could have known what was in store for them.

They were packed in like sardines, and by the time they reached the gates which cruelly promised that *Arbecht Macht Frei* (Work makes you free) they may have felt uneasy, but they couldn't have known. The car doors had been swung open, and SS officers were barking at the people who survived the cattle car to get out.

If you've read about Auschwitz you've probably heard this part. If you've read too many accounts, you may think about it as this part in a rather indifferent fashion. You may have heard about women being separated from men, about sisters getting separated from brothers; daughters from fathers, wives from husbands, friends from friends, lovers from lovers. Yes, you may have read about it before, but it's June 1944 and it is happening to Hedy.

Her younger brother Fredi is waving goodbye to her, he's even smiling, as he goes away into the distance. She won't see him until after Liberation, and it won't be long before she'll have every reason to think that her brother is dead. But not yet. And now Hedy is standing in a line, with her sister Clara, her mother Anna, and her grandmother whose name escapes me.

The line of women and children is getting shorter and shorter now, as an infamous Doctor in the S.S. takes it upon himself to tell people to walk to the left, or walk to the right. As they approach Dr. Mengele, Hedy perceives the cold look beneath his glasses.

"To the left," he says, pointing at Hedy's grandmother. She walks towards the 'showers'.

"To the right," he says, pointing at Anna Pasternak.

"I want to be with my mother," Anna said.

"No, to the right."

Mengele didn't save Anna's life out of the goodness of his heart, but because she looked healthy enough to work and suffer.

"To the right," he says to Clara.

And now it was Hedy's turn. "To the right," the Doctor says.

After they had parted with all of their possessions, after they had been shaved bald, after they had been given the striped uniforms of prisoners who had done nothing wrong, after all of that they were addressed by the *blockaltesse* or "block leader" -- the woman in charge of the barracks. She was a Czech Jewish woman, in reality she may have been in her late twenties but she looked much older. She had been in Auschwitz for three years, and there were dog bites on her legs to prove it. The *Blockaltesse* had to maintain order in the barracks, her life was on the line, as was everybody else's.

The newly arrived prisoners may have been a bit too rowdy by her standards, or by the standards she was ordered to maintain, and so she sternly said,

"Anybody who misbehaves will go up the chimney." After hearing this, Hedy would go to sleep on a long wooden bunk, sleeping against the wooden planks, with seven or eight other increasingly skeletal women; unsure of whether she'd survive the next day, when she'd have to wake up early, stand around for roll call, labor as a slave, eat her meager portion of bread, and go to sleep again, noticing that just yesterday, those rows of wood over there had been filled with people, people who had been selected to choke, she would later learn, on Zyklon B. For the time being, Hedy knew that they had been killed, that their corpses could literally be smelled in the air. At a time when her fate seemed completely outside of her control, Hedy did whatever she could to keep control.

By the time Hedwig Patricia Pasternak was at Landsberg Block Einze, (a subcamp of Dachau) she had endured and survived three months of Auschwitz. Anna was not going to die. One day, in roll call, Hedy's mother was on the verge of fainting from heat stroke. If Hedy remained, she might have seen her mother die; if Hedy left, it could have been her own death sentence.

Hedy left roll call. She bolted for the section of the camp for Romani; they were cruelly tied together by a cable chord, and one of these Romani women had a jug of water. "Please, my mother is dying," Hedy implored the woman, who gave her the water. Hedy carried it with her, all the way back to rollcall, but on the way, one of the S.S. women saw her and hit her hard across the face. "Never, ever leave roll call. Next time you'll die." Anna got the water which she needed, and she survived.

Later, Hedy approached a couple of Hungarian Jewish Kapos (supervising different prisoners -- the SS would never put people from one nationality in charge of people of the same nationality.) "Hey guys, if you don't help us, we'll die," she told them.

They made her a Kapo, (one winces at the fact) in charge of older women who were washing dishes in the Kitchens. Yet even as a Kapo, Hedy wouldn't let the women she was supervising die. She'd often pick up the slack and work harder when one of the older prisoners couldn't keep up. Hedy would not let her sister Clara die. She had double portions, and she'd share them with Clara, and with Anna. And when Hedy saw male prisoners emerging from beneath the ground, not only the half skeletons you may think of but half skeletal bodies covered in cement who hadn't seen the light of day (they were manufacturing planes for the war effort in large underground factories), and she knew that she couldn't let them die either. So she'd get potatoes from the kitchen, she'd put them she'd carry them out of the kitchen in a bucket, and a mop. Somebody would stand guard outside of the kitchen, but it was usually a prisoner. If the prisoner-kapo-guard ever got suspicious, Hedy would say, "Just let me go, you're going to get some too." So Babi would give many potatoes to Clara, who'd give them to men when she was out working details. Hedy also went to the fence separating male and female prisoners, and she was caught throwing potatoes, one day, by Sergeant Johann Viktor Kirsch. He was terrible, even for a Nazi. Even the other SS officers were afraid of him.

"Who was doing this? Who was doing this? Who was

throwing. Pasternak! Pasternak, Come, Come!"

And I went over there, and I saw him. You know, his mouth was not saliva, but with FOAM. Babi clenches her mouth, and makes an indescribable sound of disgust. And he with his hand, he just looked at me, for minutes. But Hedy didn't flinch. She stared right back at Sergeant Kirsch, unsure of what he'd do next. And I was just like if I would be in front of a lion. When is he tearing me apart. But he didn't.

"Yidishe hund!" He shouted. "March!"

Yidishe hund do you know what that means? That means Jewish Dog. Then he threw the stick after me. Then he gave the order, put him in a punishing block. [The Hungarian Language doesn't have words for different Genders, so Babi would often refer to a girl by the word "him" and vice versa.]

So I tell you, I was not brave but and now Babi leans forward, courageous and strong. As Babi said strong, you could hear her hit a note of defiance. She made it, her mother made it, her sister made it, her brother made it and her father made it. That sort of thing didn't usually happen. And here she is, 92 years old in this video, sitting comfortably in her home talking to a grandson -- the odds would tell you that this moment couldn't happen. Yet here Babi is. Thank you Babi: wherever you are as I write this, I owe my existence to you.

LOOKING WITHIN WHITENESS, DESIRE AND THE BLUEST EYE

A GUIDE TO BLACK GIRLHOOD

BY REJJIA CAMPHOR

"Try as she might, she could never get her eyes to disappear. So what was the point? They were everything. Everything was there, in them."

Eyes seem to be a very prominent symbol in Literature. If I think of every novel I ever read, I can definitely match all the similar motifs and themes that I have encountered in each books and see which ones are the most similar. In the novel, *The Bluest Eye*, Morrison uses eyes as an important aspect of understanding how children learn and begin to construct their social values from reality, which is through the observation of people, places and events happening around them. In the novel, the child narrator, Claudia Macteer, tells the story of Pecola Breedlove, a girl who becomes impregnated by her father and wishes for blue eyes in order to be beautiful and solve all her problems. Through the use of this child narrator and through the use of recurring themes and motifs like eyes, desire and whiteness, Morrison is able to bring attention to how the social constructions of society based on white ideals are problematic and create dangerous and oppressive behaviors and mentalities in other races and cultures who appear inadequate. Ultimately, this suggests that society needs to reflect and create change within social perceptions and norms in society, especially in concern to realistic depictions of race and beauty, which help in shaping one's self-esteem and worth in the world.

One of the ways in which Morrison is able to portray how white attributes like blue eyes are having dangerous impacts on the self-esteem of black children is through the recurring theme of whiteness and how it is internalized within the black community through its presence. In the

beginning of the novel, Morrison establishes the normativity of whiteness in culture through the storyline of the Dick and Jane primer. Morrison opens the novel with the Dick and Jane primer in which a typical family is described: "Here is the family. Mother, Father, Dick and Jane live in the green and white house." (3). By presenting this primer, Morrison is able to give the reader the perspective of the 1940s because this is the type of books being taught in public schools to children at that time. Therefore, the author wants us to pay attention to what children are being taught and/or are observing because it impacts the way they feel and behave in the world and towards themselves. Since this primer is being presented in three different versions, the author is trying to depict the different outcomes for having a white normalized society. In the first version of the primer, the text is written and formatted normally with correct punctuation. This is to represent white society and the elements made "ideal" to be important and worth attention in society. The way the primer is introduced is even eager saying "Here is the family..." as if presenting something special. In the second version of the primer, the text does not have punctuation, which makes it less comprehensible but not too impossible to read. This is to represent the Macteer family in their situation because although everything is not perfect (they are living in poverty), they are still living in a stable home. The last version of the primer represents the Breedlove's family, in which the lack of spaces between the words represent the chaotic structure of their family and how they are being disenchanted by the impacts of white society. Morrison intertwines the primer with the storyline of the novel in order to reveal how white and black society are entangled and inseparable; one will always affect the other.

By establishing this setting, Morrison is able to then move on to explain how only constructing

societal norms upon whiteness has dangerous impacts upon black children because they internalize attributes that appear inadequate to them, thus resulting in shame and self-loathing. An example of this is the child narrator, Claudia Macteer. Claudia is nine years old and she is the youngest out of her, her sister, Frieda, and Pecola, who are both eleven. In the chapter entitled Autumn, Claudia speaks about her struggle with the normativity of whiteness especially concerning physical beauty. The reader is able to better understand Claudia's struggle with whiteness through Claudia's aggression with the dismembering of white dolls ("I destroyed white baby dolls") in which she seeks to find what makes adults say "Awww" for them but not for her (22). Later Claudia explains that her aggression later turns "from pristine sadism to fabricated hatred, to fraudulent love" by which the reader can understand how Claudia's realization of her inadequacy to meet the beauty attributes of being white, resulted in her desire to internalize and idolize whiteness and struggle/loath with her beauty and blackness. By portraying this event, Morrison is revealing to the reader the dangers of internalizing attributes that are not representative of all in society and is trying to persuade the reader to reconstruct and implement change within the norms of society.

Another way in which Morrison is able to reveal the problematic normalization of white attributes in society, especially regarding shame, is through the use of a candid child narrator in specifics to telling Pecola's story. Similar to the use of the primer in the novel, Morrison uses a child's voice not only to establish a direct link to the setting (1940s children being taught Dick and Jane primer in schools), but to also use her as a liminal guide for the reader. Since Claudia is young and naive, we have to trust her observations and put together the clues not directly stated. Besides the noticeable shift in the novel when the author wants something

clearly understood so it's stated, Morrison uses Claudia as a tool to decipher and expose the secrets in black vernacular that no one likes to talk about, and to also represent the importance of perception. For example, in the chapter entitled Winter, Claudia and Frieda are creeping behind the bushes when they find Mr. Henry in a "playful manner" with China and Maginot Line, who are prostitutes. The reader is able to better trust the child narrative because we are able to understand how secrets are created in black families and why they are kept hidden so long through the gathering of clues from the naive child narrator. When Claudia and Frieda ask Mr. Henry who those women were and he lies and tells them they were members from bible class, the reader is able to infer that Mr. Henry lied because he was ashamed to be with those women. Thus in the act of lying, the reader and the children are in the mindset of figuring out what to do with the lie, which could be to expose it and keep it hidden. Claudia and Frieda decide to keep it a secret, which allows the reader to trust Claudia more because we know she knows the secrets of the town and what she learns we learn through her observation. This is evident through the explanation between the two sisters to keep the lie away from their mother in which Frieda states: "'No plates are out. The Maginot Line didn't eat out of one of Mama's plates.'" (79). Morrison through the child narration is able to expose the thinking of why and how people lie because the reader must decipher why the mother would not want those women to eat off her plates. The mother does not want those women to eat off her plates because she finds their profession and mentality uncleanly, therefore they are treated and viewed with disgust. Morrison is able to help us understand why these women are viewed this way because they do not fit the normalized and ideal profession deemed worthy in white society, therefore it is also deemed unworthy in black society. But since the child narrator doesn't

understand those implications, they decide keep the secret for fun and to avoid having to hear their mother “fuss all day” if they told her,, but the reader knows the truth. (79). Mr. Henry keeps his secret because he is ashamed of not behaving what is considered “properly”, which would deem him unworthy of attention in town, so he keeps the lie and shame to keep from tainting his reputation (“Quite as it’s kept”), this creating more deception as a result of white society. (5).

By establishing the impact of white normalization on black children and society through Claudia’s voice, Morrison is able to reveal the story of Pecola and why her desire for blue eyes is deformative, dangerous and problematic. Throughout the novel, Claudia is telling the story of through the motif of Pecola’s desire for blue eyes to solve her problems. In the events where something horrific happens to Pecola, she thinks that if she would have had blue eyes, none of those things would have happened and her problems would cease to exist. This is evident in the chapter entitled Autumn through which Pecola thinks that if she had pretty blue eyes that people wouldn’t do bad things to her because they: “mustn’t do bad things in front of those pretty eyes.” (46). This is also evident in the event where Pecola is being bullied by the schoolboys and they stop when Maureen , the black girl with the pretty green eyes, emerges: “Maureen appeared at my elbow, and the boys seemed reluctant to continue under her springtime eyes so wide with interest”. (66-67). This event results in Pecola’s disillusionment and self-loathing because of the several events in which she is rejected for not having blue eyes to save from her horrible life, in which she is raped and impregnated by her father, bullied and terrorized by boys and deemed unworthy of attention and worth from her family and strangers. The way that Pecola is treated is as a result of her inadequacy to meet the white normalized standards of physical

beauty in which the town is engulfed with obtaining.

Morrison effectively portrays to the reader the detrimental effects of living in society where the norms and ideal attributes of culture are only represented from white society, through the perspective of a child’s narrative and recurring eyes, desire and whiteness. It is through these motifs that Morrison is able to reveal the importance of perception and representation in society because events like these events in a child’s life result in a mentality of self-loathing and the feeling of unworthiness/invalidness in the world. Morrison reveals this to the reader in order to persuade the reader to reflect and implement a change within social perceptions and norms in society that are realistic and representative of the diversity of race, beauty and culture. Morrison also wants this change because we need to deconstruct the outlook of whiteness as superior and other races as inferior because everyone, especially children, will result in the mentality of inadequacy like Pecola and that needs to change/end.

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Thanks For All You Do!
Rejjia Camphor

Section almost "Reality"

BROUGHT TO YOU BY SIMON FIELDS

A Passover Seder at Belle Chasse, Matzo ball Gumbo, and the Israelite in Egyptian Clothing

The following is an extract from the diary of Jim Johnson, a house slave at Belle Chasse Plantation back in 1846, when the original owner of that plantation was named Judah P. Benjamin. Judah P. Benjamin would go on to be Secretary of State for the Confederacy, but on this March 29th evening of 1846, he and his future subordinate Sliddel, his future adversary William Seward, and his relatives all sat down to a Passover Seder that has been purged from the history books, as it may have never really happened at all...

"Now now ladies and gentlemen. We aren't here to talk politics, but to celebrate Passover. While y'all may be Christians (and my Jewish relations are waiting in the parlour) you do have a special connection to this holiday," Mr. Benjamin seemed to be holding back a wry comment, "Christ's last supper was a Passover Seder." I suppose hosts have a bit of leeway when making remarks in this irreverent way, though I did wonder about how much leeway there was. I think that the Master was wondering the same thing, as he rapidly converted his wry grin into a very solemn and somber grimace. "At any rate, Slim Jim informed me that dinner was ready a few minutes ago, so I suppose that it is already growing cold. Let us commence with the Seder!"

And so they did. As the guests made their way into the dining room, adorned as it was by three candelabra's each placed on a strategic part of the long dining table, a magnificent chandelier resplendent with crystals which seemed to sparkle with the sweat of slaves

and reflect upon all of the guests, and green wallpaper, some of the best silverware in the state, and a good set of China dishes, everyone seemed very impressed. In addition to the guests from the entrance hall, the only genuine Jews also filtered into the dining room. These had been Judah's siblings who had arrived earlier and were waiting in the parlour until Sue (one of the cooks) was instructed to ring the silver dinner bell.

Judah's siblings, Jacob, Solomon, Judith, and Rebecca made their way to their chairs. Solomon glanced at the Seder Plate near the head of the table; it contained the shank bone of a lamb, parsley, carpas, an egg, and maror (bitter herbs).

"Please take a seat," the Master said, "you may notice that there are pillows at each chair. You might also be curious about their purpose. It is customary to recline with the aid of a pillow at a Passover Seder, so that we may live like the Egyptians who oppressed our forefathers."

"Another way of looking at it," Solomon interjected, glancing at his brother awkwardly trying to ascertain whether he could correct his host so early in the evening, "Is that the pillows are in the chairs so that we may appreciate and enjoy our liberty to recline," his voice grew loud as he averted his eyes away from me – I don't know if I've ever seen a White man avoid my gaze in the same guilty manner: "an ability which our Israelite forefathers didn't have when they were slaves in Egypt."

"What is this huey?" Matthew Smith (the Mississippi River slave trader) blurted out. How would the Master explain away this "huey"? Oh boy will I be amused as he tries to walk the delicate tight-rope of condemning the peculiar institution of the Pharos, and I'll be grinning just as widely as I always grin – well, maybe a bit wider. It is one thing to grin because one knows that white people like to see you grin, but what they don't realize is that this same grin affords me a great deal of privacy when I actually have something to grin about. Of course, even when I have something to grin about, it is very often twinged with bitterness, and it probably will be tonight as well.

"Mr. Smith, this huey is one of the most important Jewish holidays in the year. It celebrates the escape of my people from Egyptian slavery. You know what they call us Mr. Smith? The Chosen People, the People of the Book. And despite this learned nature, we were enslaved! We were forced to build the great pyramids!"

"But of course, Mr. Benjamin sir, " Smith was all contrite, and probably because he wanted to sell slaves to the Belle Chasse Plantation.

Slidell interjected – "without the Israelites' servitude, the pyramids would have never been built. Civilization depends on liberty for the enlightened, and slavery for those whose labor is required."

"I agree Mr. Slidell. But of course, we were amongst the enlightened. There lies the rub. At any rate, let's continue," the Master pontificates, matter of factly. I wasn't grinning now. Well, outwardly I was, of course, but inwardly I was ready to ever so delicately give Mr. Benjamin some matzoh ball-gumbo soup as boiling hot as my soul – and watch him cough wretchedly after attempting to swallow a nice big spoonful. So his people were enlightened?

What about us? Are we grunts? Are we a mere after-thought, is our subjugation a simple, unquestionable necessity for the maintenance of civilization? Why should this lowly status apply to Jim and not to Judah?

"In Hebrew, Seder means order. And what we have here is a Passover Seder, in other words, a dinner which must be eaten in a certain order. The various stages in this order are represented by the Seder Plate. There is the shank bone, which represents the sheep whose blood was used to mark the doors of houses which must be passed over by the Angel of death, as we shall learn when we launch into the story in the Haggadah." All of the Christians at the table looked at Mr. Benjamin aghast, confused, and riveted.

Well, if you can't already tell, the thing about Passover Seders is that they are long. However, there are a few distinct memories from this particular Seder which have stayed with me, and fewer which I'd like to share with you. The maror:

"We eat the maror, or the bitter herbs, to remember the bitterness of being slaves in Egypt."

"Ah gee, Mr. Benjamin," Mathew Smith interjected, "do we have to? I mean, I've got a bit of a sweet tooth myself. I ain't one for bitter things."

"No you ain't." Betsy added, with an air of authority on the subject.

"I'm afraid it's one of the most crucial part of the seder. In fact, ah, Jim make sure you give Mathew an extra helpin' of these here bitter herbs."

"Yes sir," I say a little too enthusiastically. I must admit that up until this moment, I wasn't sure about how I felt serving people the maror. I

was serving it, which seemed counterintuitive, of course, but on the other hand, I was giving the bastards a little taste of what they were doing. And in Mathew's case, given his unwillingness to even taste a symbol of the blood, sweat, and tears his commerce was making possible, I would've been quite happy giving him every piece of maror on the plate.

"Oh, damn you you stupid n—r!" Mathew's fuse was lit, and it was approaching dynamite. "You's just so happy to feed me this stuff ain't ya? Damn you!"

"Mr. Smith, I'm only happy to serve Mr. Benjamin."

Three things happened at once. Judah P. Benjamin's countenance brightened into a broad smile, unaware of what I really meant by serve, and also forgetting to chew on his maror; Mr. Seward and Solomon Benjamin grimaced, no doubt reminded of my existence; And Mathew's face got incredibly red as he shouted, "HOW DARE YOU talk back to me N—r!"

"Now now," Mr. Benjamin says, "don't worry about it. You see, after eating bitter herbs, we all get to eat a delicious paste called charoset. It simultaneously symbolizes the mortar in the bricks we once used to build the pyramids, and the sweetness of liberation. And Matthew, " he says leaning forward, "I think you should get an extra two helpings. And Jim, I hope you'll be happy to help Matthew to his extra portions. Won't you boy?"

"You guessed it, Sir. " I said as drily as possible, and then a little hesitantly, "the Charoset does indeed look very sweet sir."

"Give Jim a taste," says Mr. Seward.

"You can't give 'im a taste of that!" Sliddell and Smith interject at the same time, but their

timing makes them lock eyes and laugh a bit. Mr. Benjamin, eager to please all of his guests, picks up a fork full of maror and says, "Jim, it's a bit defective. Can you please replace it?" He winked, but it wasn't at me. He winked at the token Northerner, Governor Seward.

As I retired to the kitchen, I had my taste of this sweet paste. I wanted more of it, of course. Much more of it. I could smell what my wife Sue was preparing, which was some very tasty matzoh ball gumbo. The brough looked red and spicy, but the matzoh balls looked fluffy and tasty. But not as tasty as the charoset.

Later in the Seder, I remember realizing that Mr. Benjamin was about to read the story about Moses and the Egyptian overseer. As he read about the Egyptian overseer beating an Israeli slave, I could hear the crack of a whip in my head, and my scars felt more raw, and then even on fire. All the fire in my back was there, but I couldn't start acting weak. I had to stand still, waiting for the next order. I had my eyes on the Master, and on Sliddell, and on Smith, but by the time Judah described the way that Moses was enraged by the beating of an Israeli slave, and his reaction (which was to kill the overseer) I had looked away from everyone. I was hoping to disappear into the wall even more than I already had. I couldn't enjoy thoughts of Old Testament style justice occurring thousands of years ago, because similar thoughts were really the chief fear of the people at this table. I didn't want to feed this fear by looking at anybody, or by even being noticed. For if I were the one feeding the fear, I'd be on its receiving end.

Later in the Seder, Mr. Benjamin was listing all of the plagues which befell the Egyptians for refusing to free the Israelites. With each plague, the guests dipped their pinkie finger into wine and then put a bit of wine on their plate, as this was custom. Another peculiar custom of the south was for me to refill their cups after this was done. But before I did, I remember hearing

Mr. Benjamin talking about frogs leaping all over the place – well we’ve already got them in this parish. He talked about locusts, and I thought that locusts could be useful. He talked about the Nile turning red with blood, and like some mad prophet, I could see it happening to the Mississippi River in my mind’s eye. He talked about the firstborn of every Egyptian family being taken away by the Angel of Death. And I thought to myself that someday, America would be plagued by God Almighty. And I was right on that score.

My last memory from this Seder was hearing about the March of the Israelites out of Egypt, and as I recall Mr. Benjamin describing the Pharaoh’s chariots getting engulfed by the Dead Sea, and the Israelites reaching the other shore, I remember suppressing an even wider grin. And of course, this last memory merges with another memory – running as hard as my breath would permit me, across a Louisiana swamp. This was a few years later. I was runnin’ with the help of Moses Turnbull. And the dogs and the slave catchers were barking at us before they howled, falling into a deep pool of mossy, filthy swamp water – alligators waiting for them in the deep. I was running with the fire of Hell behind me, and the promise of heaven ahead of me. Running, running, and running. No time for pantin’. No time for building anymore pyramids for confused Israelites posing as Egyptians.



Haikus

by Elinor Haftel

I

stick with slight despair
he won't let go of his tree
winter waits. he leaves

II

the fish slapped his fin
as much salt as water in
the ocean. dive deep